Beſides the life and feeling of her paſſion,
Shee hoords to ſpend, when he is by to heare her,
VVhen ſighs,& grones,& tears may grace the faſhiō
Of her diſgrace, the better ſo to cleare her
From that ſuſpiciō which the world might bear her.
To ſhun this blot, ſhee would not blot the letter
VVith words, till action might becom thē better.

To ſee ſad ſights, moues more then heare them told,
For then the eye interpretes to the eare,
The heauie motion that it doth behold,
VVhen euerie part, a part of woe doth beare.
Tis but a part of ſorrow that we heare,
Deep ſounds make leſſer noiſe thē ſhallow foords,
And ſorrow ebs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is ſeal'd, and on it writ
At ARDEA to my Lord with more then haſt,
The Poſt attends, and ſhee deliuers it,
Charging the ſowr-fac'd groome, to high as faſt
As lagging fowles before the Northerne blaſts,
Speed more then ſpeed, but dul & ſlow ſhe deems,
Extremity ſtill vrgeth ſuch extremes.

The